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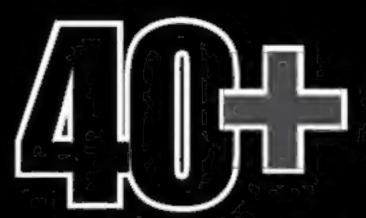
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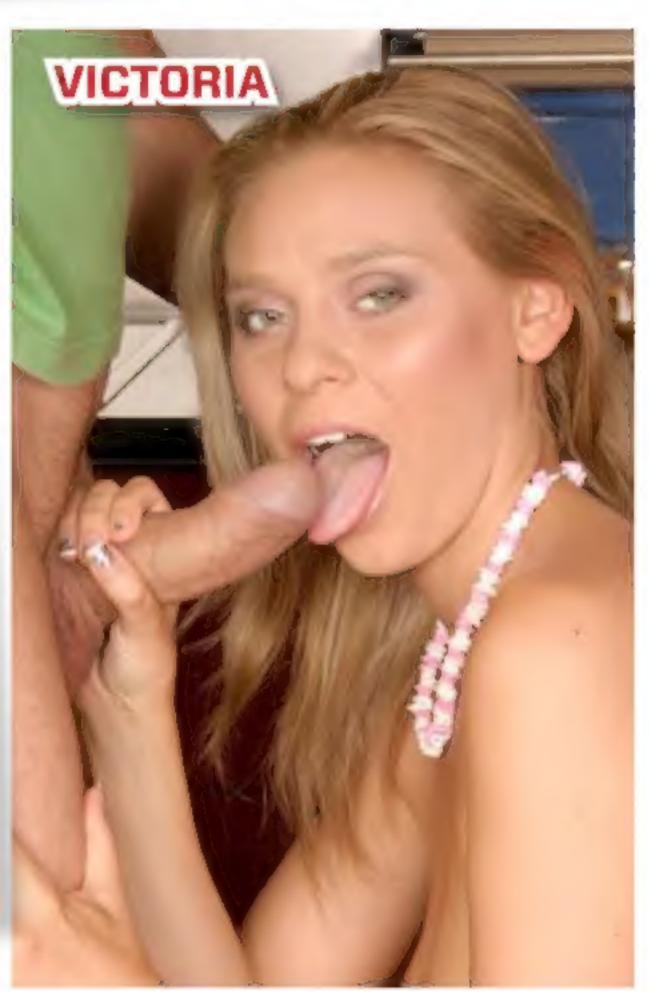
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It all started out with an innocent glance. One thing can lead to another really fast when the attraction is so strong. We were both always willing and eager to please each other, never giving up until the other was satisfied.



























YES, I'M WET.

I'm also sassy, opinionated, a bitch, a sweetheart, your lover, and your worst nightmare. I'm your ex — asshole.

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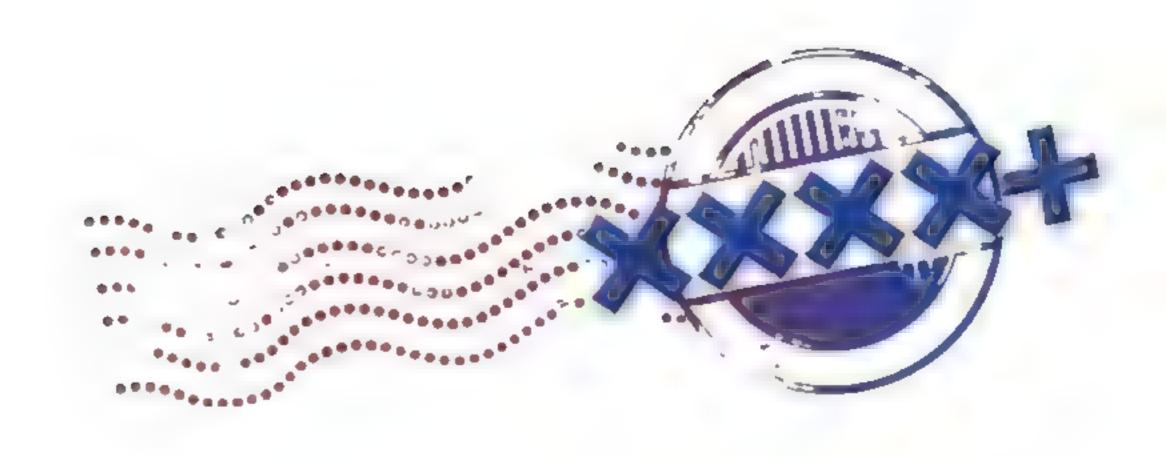












40+ #43

A KEPT WOMAN



Back in Brooklyn, in the house I grew up in, when you were old enough to get a job, you went to work and helped pay the bills. As it turned out, my very first job would be my last for a long time.

had to first do this. I got a job over in Flatbush, near Prospect Park where I would do office chores and clean the studios at a dance school. It didn't pay much but it was fun to see all the mom's bring in their kids for lessons, and all the teenagers that danced

ther, too. Frankie ran the place like playing a violin. He was the master of money and left the dance instruction to his wife, a former prima ballerina, and a capable staff. They worked hard and danced hard.

Frankie hung out in the poffice most of the time. There were dance posters and Braodway Musical posters all over the walls. He would tell stories of who and how many managed their way to the Broadway stages. He said many got the roles not because they could dance, but because the would fuck the producers. Well, to me that was something I had never heard of before, but would soon find it a way to success, myself. Frankie always paid me on time which is all I cared about but truth be told I would have rather gone to bed with him than any of the drooling boys lingering around the studios.

I was helping out at the front desk when

'he' walked in with his adorable six year old daughter. I asked if I could help and he said he wanted to register her for classes in jazz dance. I said 'sure' and took his information. He wanted her to take lessons on Friday and Saturday because that's when he had her from the divorce. I said we did not have Jazz classes on Saturday, but there were tap classes. He agreed and we set up his schedule and he paid for the first month.

The first Friday rolls around and 'James' brings her in fifteen minutes early. I'm cleaning the waiting area and he comes to sit. I'm a little embarrassed to be seen in a tank top, jeans and a broom, but he smiled and said "Hello Hailey" to me. I said hello and said how sweet that he remembered my name. He said how nice I was in helping him register his daughter, especially the experiences her had been having with women. I politely smmiled and kept working. Ten minutes later he stepped oitside to have a smoke and saw me emptying the trash containers around the entrance.

Leaning back on the wall, he tells me that he likes a hard working woman, but if had one like me, he wouldn't have her working at all. I didn't know what to say and just Ikept at it. He made some other small talk and I'd stop briefly to listen or answer. Eight o'clock comes around and he's escorting his daughter to the car. As he passed me he says, "See you tomorrow." and I blurt out I don't work on Saturdays. "Well then, next Friday." he says. I mumble okay.

Next Friday comes and then the month is up. James registers for another two months and we've become kinda friends. Easy talking and easy listening. One Friday night he asks me if

Kristal can eat me for breakfast, lunch AND dinner. She looks and probably fucks like a wild lion. Put that hungry mouth around my cock and gobble it all up. I'll spray my slimy cum down your throat until we are both satisfied. And as if that won't be enough, I want to get you into the back of my pick-up truck wearing only cowboy boots and ride you like the Lone Ranger rides Silver!

Brady, Texas



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I'd have lunch with him on Monday. I hesitated, but agreed since it was only lunch. I had never been out with a man in his forties before, but he seemed cool and I didn't feel like the eighteen-year-old that I was at the time. Well, as you can assume, just because I'm writing a letter to this magazine, that things got progressively hotter. Three months after meeting we were fucking, but not just fucking, he was wining and dining me. I was late for work a few times and Frankie asked me what was going on. I said nothing, but two days later I came into the dance school and quit.

"Why?" asked Frankie. I told I met someone and was moving out of town. Truth was, I was moving uptown. To 67th Ave. on the Upper East Side, in a penthouse paid for by James. The next two months were a blur for me, we traveled and dined in exclusive restaurants. I was a princess and he was my prince in a love story that felt like it should have lasted life a lifetime.

Of course there was the time I came back to the penthouse and caught him fucking another teenager. I told him I'd tell the courts what he was up to and that set him off. After settling down and some wild make-up sex, came the glorious offer to retire to the penthouse suite for as long as I liked. I would get a pay raise every six months, just like his other employees if I performed my duties well. If I was there alone when he needed me to be, kept myself clean and available, he'd keep me and pay for it all.

I thought quickly, it was this or back to Faltbush and try to get my job back with Frankie. At least if I stayed here I could make contacts, try to get some real education and delve into some serious fashion on the allowance he gave me. I could do this as long as he paid for the penthouse and kept himself clean of STDs until I figured something else out.

Six months later I have a waitressing job in the Bowery, with not much better pay, but the tips do add up. I go night school and spend most of my cash at the trendy boutiques I got so used to frequenting. Even in this big city I would see him once in a while, especially if I make an effort to do so. I hold no grudges, he used me and I used him.

Twenty-some years
later, I still think
about those eight or
nine months, James,
the penthouse, the
sex, the stuff that has
made me realize how
important the right
people are in your life.
I've been married twice
and am as happy as
I've ever been.

Well, I know this wasn't a very sexy letter, but it does tell you that there are young inpressionable young ladies out there ready to be duped by an older man into sex and money. If you got it, then go for it. I did.

Elsa, formerly of Flatbush

A LITTLE SEXUAL HEALING

I had a little accident las month so I'm in the hospital for week trying to recover, so no sex for me. I'm stuck in bed watching television all day with nothing else to do — so one late night I started stroking my cock because I was bored and that led to horny. As I'm doing this I hear a night nurse walk in so of course I stop and try to hide my erection.

I close my eyes to pretend that I'm asleeps.

She does her bed check and as she is about to

Dear editors:

I've tried many
ways to keep the
sex live interesting
with my wife. Short
of swinging and



ways, we've now tried just about everything. For me, there's nothing like a big strap-on dildo shoved up my ass!

- Mr. Dildong

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"I've been on my
feet all night,
you don't mind
if I sit down.
do you?" she
whispers without expecting
an answer. Her
hand is pumping
my cock up and
down with an
occasional pinch
to the skin or nip
at the head."

leave and turn the light off, she notices a large tent in my sheets. So she walks back to my bed and does the unimaginable. She touches the top of the tent and it won't go down. I hear a little giggle and she walks back to the door and closes it and turns

off the light. I thought she had left but then I feel her slide her hand under the sheet straight to my hard cock. She wraps her hand around the shaft and starts to stroke it.

Stopping momentarily, she pulls a chair next to the bed and sits down. Her hand slides back up to my cock and she picks up right where she left off. "I've been on my feet all night, you don't mind if I sit down. do you?" she whispers without expecting an answer. Her hand is pumping my cock up and down with an occasional pinch to the skin or nip at the head.

Then she starts playing with my balls, twirling and pulling them in her fingers. Using her nails to excite me even more, but I haven't yet opened my eyes and I dare not make a sound. She finally removes the sheet. "Oh my... It's so big!" she says as she looks up to see if I'm awake. She smiles to herself. Licks her lips and starts to lick the tip of my cock. She slides her tongue up and down my shaft, she freezes as I moan. She looks up and I'm smiling. She has a wicked smile and says "Now let's really have some fun." She gives me a look and in one move takes all of it down her throat. As she deep throats my cock she feels my hand on

the back of her head as I grab her hair and start forcing my cock as far down here throat as hard as I can.

I reach my hand up her dress
and find her pussy soaking wet
through her cotton panties.
Then, I start fingering her. Two
fingers, then three. As she begins to moan, I cum down her
throat and don't let her head
up until I'm done cumming.
She comes up with a smile.
"Mmmmm, yummy." she says
with a wicked smile. "Now
it's my turn!" she says as she

climbs on the bed and lowers her pussy on my face. "Lick me, mister." she says. I begin licking her clit and her pussy. She's moaning for more. I lick and lightly bite her clit. She screams as she squirts lady cum all over my face. She gets up, throws me a towel and says "I have to do my rounds now, but I'll be back later." She straightens her dress and walks out of the room.

I'm laying there wishing the time would go faster. I watch some more TV and a couple hours later she returns. "You still hard?" she asks as she reaches out for my cock. I reach under her dress and find no panties but she is still wet. She climbs up on the bed and lowers her wet pussy down on my cock. She starts bouncing up and down hard and fast. Her boobs bounce right out of her uniform. I grab her tits and start sucking them. She starts screaming that she's cumming, and at the same time I yell out that I am.

I'm still inside her as we cum together, falling down on my chest. She looks me in the eye and says "Honey, hope you get better soon... and thank you for my nurse's costume."

Hansen G., Florida



My man can pretty much tell how my day went by the way I fuck him. If I've had an easy, low stress day, I'm kind of a soft kitten that just wants to be cuddled and made love to in bed. But if I've had a hectic day, sometimes a good, hard, fast fuck is what I need to settle me down and put me in a better mood. Either way, I say, Let's fuck!"

























Just the way I like it. Gentle kissing, tender hugging, light nibbling. That's usually the way we start out. He always seems to know how to make me feel good all over. Sometimes, we'd just make out then fall asleep on each other, only to wake up and start all over.























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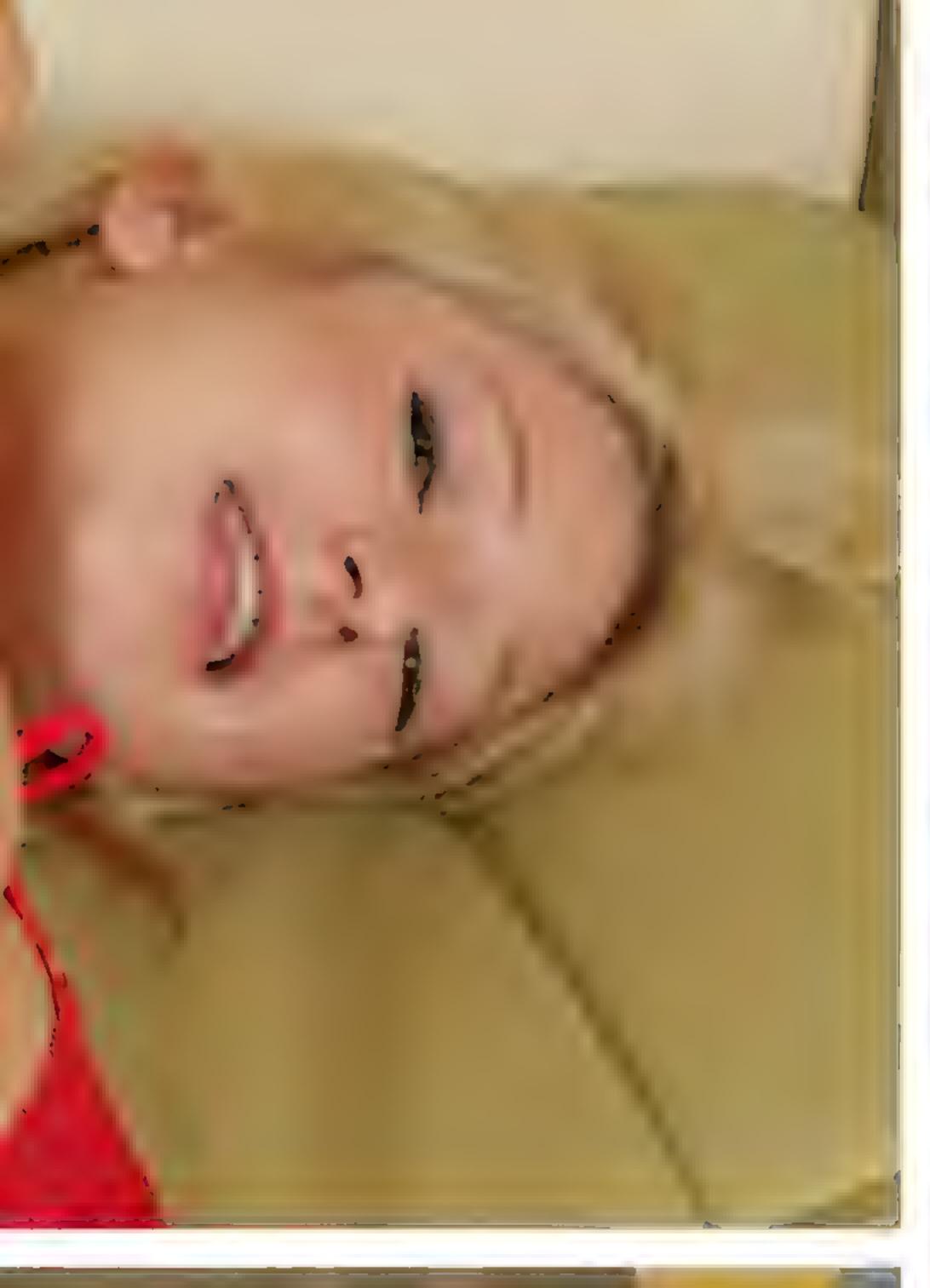
Yesterday a few things happened that were different for me. While lying beside Jules, he used his thumb to rub my butt hole for like an hour. My discomfort quickly changed to enjoyment. I could sense that he was stroking his cock as he diddled my butt. Rocking my hips back and forth, my butt hole swallowed his thumb. "I guess this time it was his thumb getting butt fucked!"





























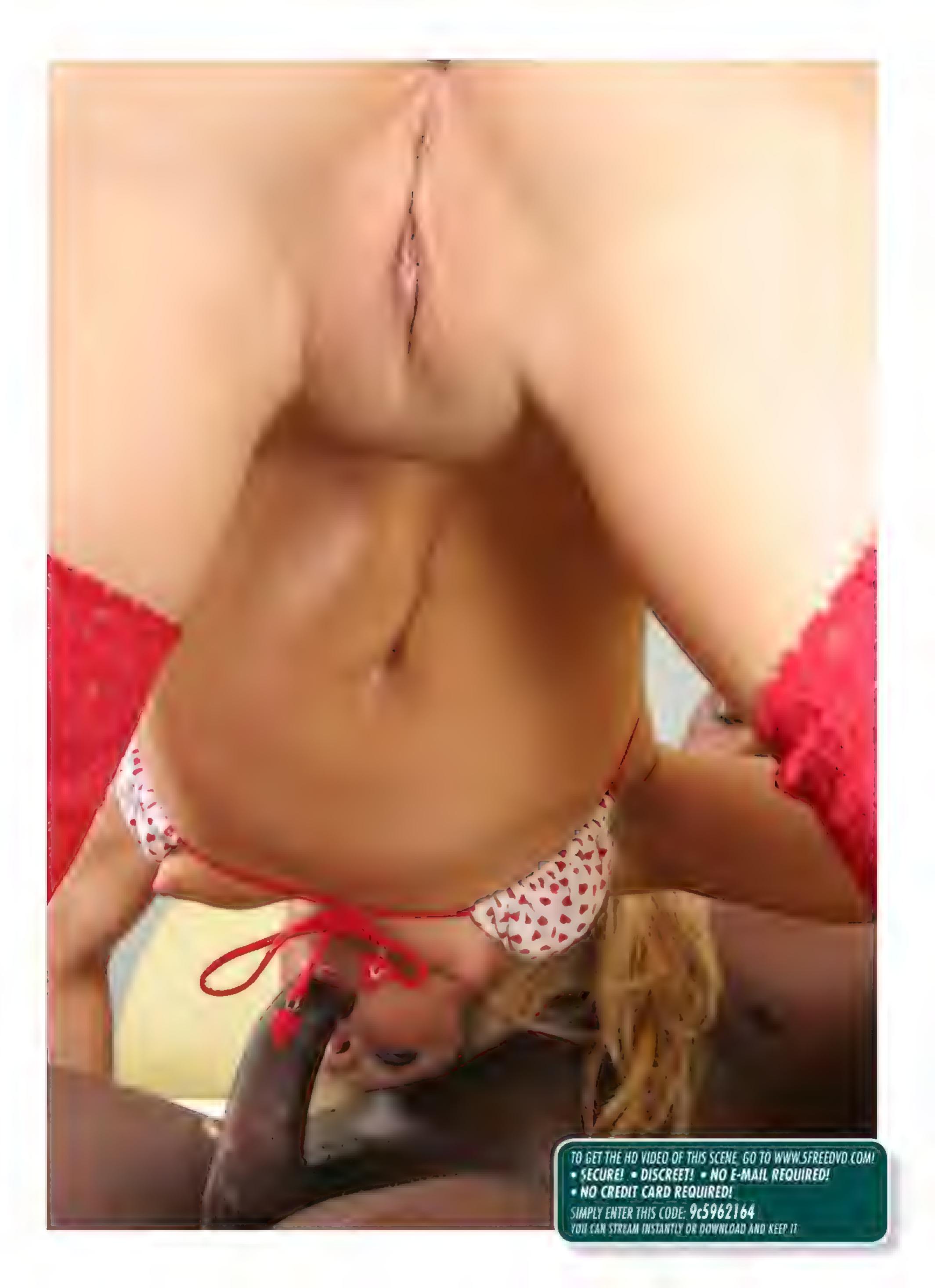
















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three the hard way

Gotta love my wife's girlfriends... and I did

Peter heard hewr footsteps coming up the driveway and then the doorbell rang. He opened the door and saw it was his wife's best friend Shanna. With a flick of her finger on his cheek, Shanna smiled as she walked into the house and right by him. Peter watched her firm butt dissapear into the living room and out the patio doors. She could see Peter's wife, Rochelle and another girl-friend, Angela, through the glass door in their bikinis by the pool. She stopped in her tracks and looked back over her shoulder at Peter looking at her. She stopped at the door and pulled up her little sundress, exposing a teen-ager's figure barely covered by a red bikini. She threw the sress on the sofa, opened the patio doors and

stepped out. Turning to close the door behind her, she took her time, all the while maintaining eye contact with Peter. He loved her flirting, but nothing ever became of it. What a goddamn tease it is to have three gorgeous women half naked sunning by the pool and all you can do is look. I guess that's not bad.

Peter could only look at them laugh-

ing and hugging as they strutted about. He noticed them bending over, flashing their tan bodies and flirting with each other. Peter stood at the patio door, knowing they could not see him and rubbed his crotch feeling his erection grow as he watched the three ladies. He knew full well they were doing it deliberately. They'd been doing this sort of thing ever since they became best friends. Fucking bitches, he'd get his own back though, one day. He watched Shanna settle into a lounge chair on her stomach and looked right at him standing there. He knew she couldn't see him because

it was so much brighter outside, but he sensed she knew he was there. Her large boobs hung in their bikini sling as she was propped on her elbows. Looking up, she noticed Angela come over and sit on the longer's edge and began rubbing lotion on Shanna's back.

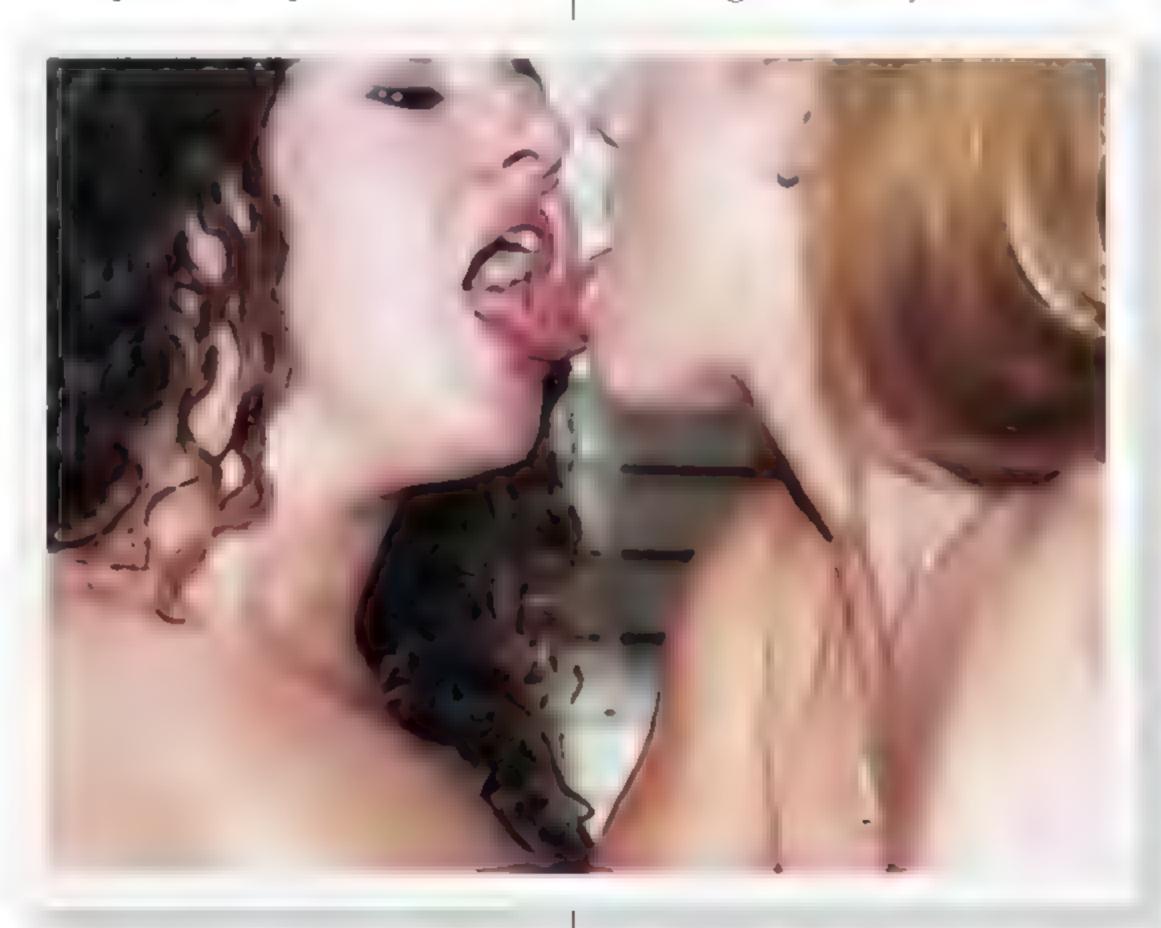
Angela was just as much of a flirt, flaunting herself at him whenever they were alone. He didn't dare mention anything to Rochelle for fear of the flirting stopping. He liked the attention and didn't want the ladies to stop coming over because of him. Eventually they got bored and went into the house. Angela had turned 42 a few weeks ago and they'd decided to rent a large suite in a

posh downtown hotel. It would be the four of them. Peter and the three amigos. The following Saturday Peter and Rochelle packed their weekenders and headed out for the hotel.

When they arrived, Angela and Shanna were already in the suite. It had 2 bedrooms with en-suite bathrooms, and a large lounge area with 50-inch flat screen TV. Both

bedrooms had huge beds, one of which Angela threw herself onto squealing with delight. After quickly unpacking, Rochelle and the girls hit the shops at the hotel's mall. They spent the better part of the day there finally leaving giggling like schoolgirls. They eventually met with Peter for a late lunch at one of the hotel restaurants. Rochelle planted a big kiss on his lips while the other two kissed his cheeks and ruffled his hair.

Rochelle was wearing short skirt that clung to her butt and dressy white blouse with pearl buttons down the



front. Shanna was in her favorite color - red - dress with a deep V to emphasize her full chest. Angela, was in all white with six inches of gold bracelets running and clanging up her right arm. They all displayed plenty of cleavage and looked like somewhere between hussies or Hamptonites. By the time they'd finished dinner and drinks, all four were feeling quite happy.

The ride in the elevator was long and the walk down the hallway was short. Angela ubnlocked the door and immediately went to her room and found the bathroom. The others walked gently over to the lounge area nd found seats. Peter managed to find the music station and then a seat on the sofa. The remaining three girls danced seductively to the music, holding each other, gyrating and thrusting, jiggling and wiggling themselves at Peter. Rochelle unzipped her best friend's dress and threw it on the chair. Rochelle pulled her close and the kissed, exploring each other's mouths as their hands ran over each bodies. Stepping back she slid out her own dress and the stood in their new lingerie and

high heels. Rochelle led Shanna to the couch in front of Peter and sat her on the edge before pushing her back. She first removed Shanna's panties and then her own and starting kissing Shanna's neck.

Her hands groped at her friend's full breasts and pulled down the lingerie. Kissing her way down Shanna's body, she sucked them, nibbling her

nipples and making Shanna whimper. Peter shifted in his chair, re-arranging his trousers to give his growing erection some room. Rochelle's stockings and garter belt framed her ass beautifully and it was Peter could do not to go and fuck her from behind. Shanna fell back onto the sofa and instantly spread her legs wide as Rochelle moved down and placed her hands on the underneath of her thighs and licked pussy. Shanna squeezed her own boobs hard as Rochelle went to work licking, sucking and nibbling. She flicked her tongue on Shanna's clit and then worked a finger in-

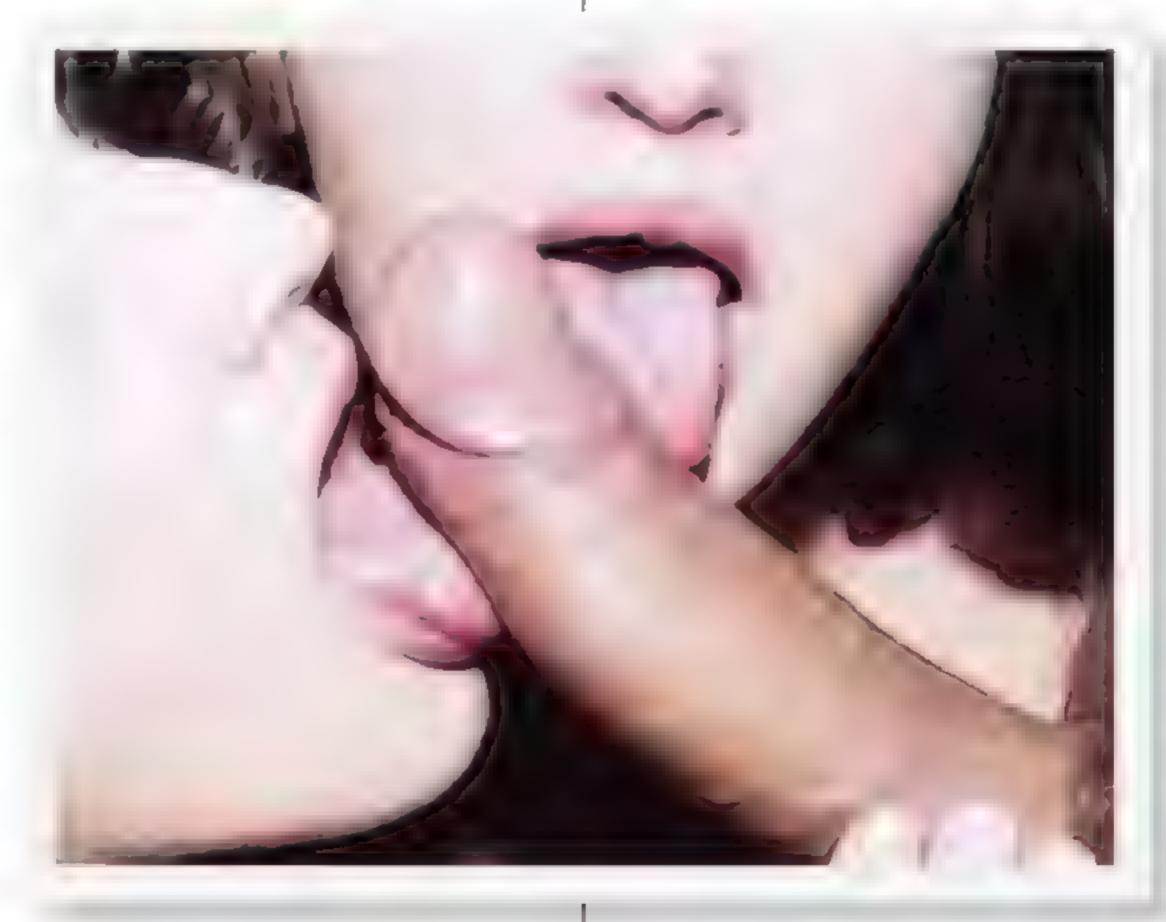
side and slowly finger-fucked her hole. Rochelle stood and then straddled her in the 69 position. Shanna got busy straight away, licking Rochelle's cunt and sliding a finger into her.

Not interested in being a bystander any longer, Peter unzipped his fly and released it, slowly stroking and pulling on it. From bewteen Shanna's legs he heard a muffled command from Rochelle. "Baby, stick your finger in my ass." Peter sucked his index finger and pushed it into her tight asshole. Her sphincter muscle resisted but she relaxed and he managed to push in. As he pulled it out and pushed it back for the second time he felt Rochelle tremble. Shanna reached under their sweaty bodies and pushed a finger into her Rochelle's cunt and felt her grind backwards onto it. Her hand brushed Peter's and in unison their finger's fucked Rochelle. Peter stood and removed his clothes, unable to take his eyes off this scene in front of him: the two ladies eating each other out. Moving closer to the sofa, he offered his cock to Rochelle who turned from Shanna's wet pussy and

> opened her mouth to take. He rocked his hips as he held her head, sliding his cock in and out of her mouth.

Peter reached down and pulled Rochelle off of Shanna, Their lingerie was a mess but exposed luscious boobs and soaking pussies. He watched as they girls untangle themselves and he finished taking his clothes off. He plopped down on

the sofa where they had been sucking and laid backwith his eight-inch hard-on pointing up at the ceiling. Shanna slipped out of her lingerie and then stripped Rochelle bare. Shanna crawled over to where Peter had propped himself up and grasped the base of his cock guiding him into her mouth. She sucked him in. Shanna groaned. She stopped sucking and Rochelle took over. Shanna watched Peter's dick disappear into Rochelle's mouth and into her throat. She buried her face into his groin and held herself there before withdrawing it, saliva spilling out of her mouth. She repeated



the process before handing it back to Shanna taking his dick into her small throat. Peter pulled the girls off and indicated that he wanted Shanna. She moved up, holding his cock, hovering her pussy above it as she straddled him. Peter reached round and grabbed her firm ass as his cock entered her dripping cunt. Slowly she sank down, inching him into her tight warm hole. Rochelle knelt behind her kissing her neck and playing with her tits. Raising herself up again and then lowering herself Shanna gradually eased herself onto Peter's dick until she was sliding up and down the entire length of his shaft.

He watched as Rochelle squeezed her best friend's boobs as she encouraged her to fuck him. He could see her nipples standing stiff and erect like bullets. Shanna started to grind herself backwards and forwards on his dick rubbing her clit and Peter knew this signified her approaching orgasm. Sure enough a moment later, Shanna stiffened and threw her head back

she convulsed and then, as her orgasm subsided let her flop down on him, Peter's cock sliding out. Rochelle then straddled him in reverse cowgirl position and took over, bouncing on the lucky man's prick. Shanna managed to squeeze between Peter and the back of the sofa, resting and watching.

Suddenly, the lights

came on with a blinding fury. Angela had entered the room to a writhing mass of flesh on the sofa. She stopped when she realized what she was looking at. Rochelle curled her finger and motioned Angela to come over, but turn the lights off. She did and when she got to the sofa, Shanna got up and helped Angela out of her clothes. Rochelle went back to riding Peter's cock as Shanna started kissing Angela. Rochelle was in ecstasy as Peter fucked her again. She was on her side with Peter behind her, he had her leg pulled up and was pumping his dick in and out of her. Angela pulled Shanna to the overstuffed chair across from the sofa. Shanna gently pushed Angela down on the chair and dropped to her knees in front of Angela's private altar. She reached forward and spread her pussy lips

and dove right in. Angela moaned and started pinching her nipples. After several minutes, Angela came as Shanna licked at her pussy. Already on all fours, Shanna looked back and wiggled her ass at Peter.

Rochelle cloimbed off Peter's cock and took it in her hands and led him over to Shanna's ass. Angela got off the chair and Shanna climbed on offering her butt to the approaching spear. He stood behind her and pushed his cock roughly into her pussy and started to fuck her hard. Peter felt that he wasn't far away from cumming and reached underneath to rub her clit which made Shanna thrash even more. Shanna maoned out loud as she climaxed with Peter following right behind. He pulled out just in time to have Rochelle take his cock into her mouth and swallow her horny husband's huge load.

Angela took Shanna and Rochelle's hands and pulled them back to her bedroom. She looked at Peter and closing her eyes. Rochelle hugged her friend tightly as | told him he could watch if he wanted to. At this

point, spent, that was fine with him. The three ladies dropped onto their sides on the bed in a seemingly cho-Shanna

reographed daisychain of licking and sucking. They formed a fleshy triangle in the middle of the bed and Peter sat at a corner. Pushing hair aside to get at each other's pussies, it was Angela eating Shanna; sucking Rochelle; and Rochelle's head between An-

gela's legs. Petyer closed his eyes to listen to the sucking, slurping and moaning as they went at each other's pussies with great zest. He stroked heis cock sagain to full length and quickly came. The ladies were so lost in their fleshy mounds that none were aware of Peter. A half hour later all three had come and collapsed onto their backs.

Peter had retired to his bedroom and fell asleep. The three also slept in that same position they finished in the night before. Moring came early and they gathered their stuff and met in the lobby to wish Angela a Happy Birthday. Driving home was a quiet drive as all tried to remember the night before.



The creative one. That's what I called Sascha, the jeweler. Not only could be design beautiful jewelry, but he was really creative in bed too. He mostly makes jewelry that caters to the local beach bums. From time to time he'd show up with a little surprise for me. I especially loved his one-of-a kind surprises that made me feel extra special.





















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Three weeks ago I was celebrating my birthday with a bottle of champagne and a bunch of old friends and their kids. Today I being pampered in the makeup chair, getting ready for my photo shoot. I'm so excited about it, I may just cum right here.









































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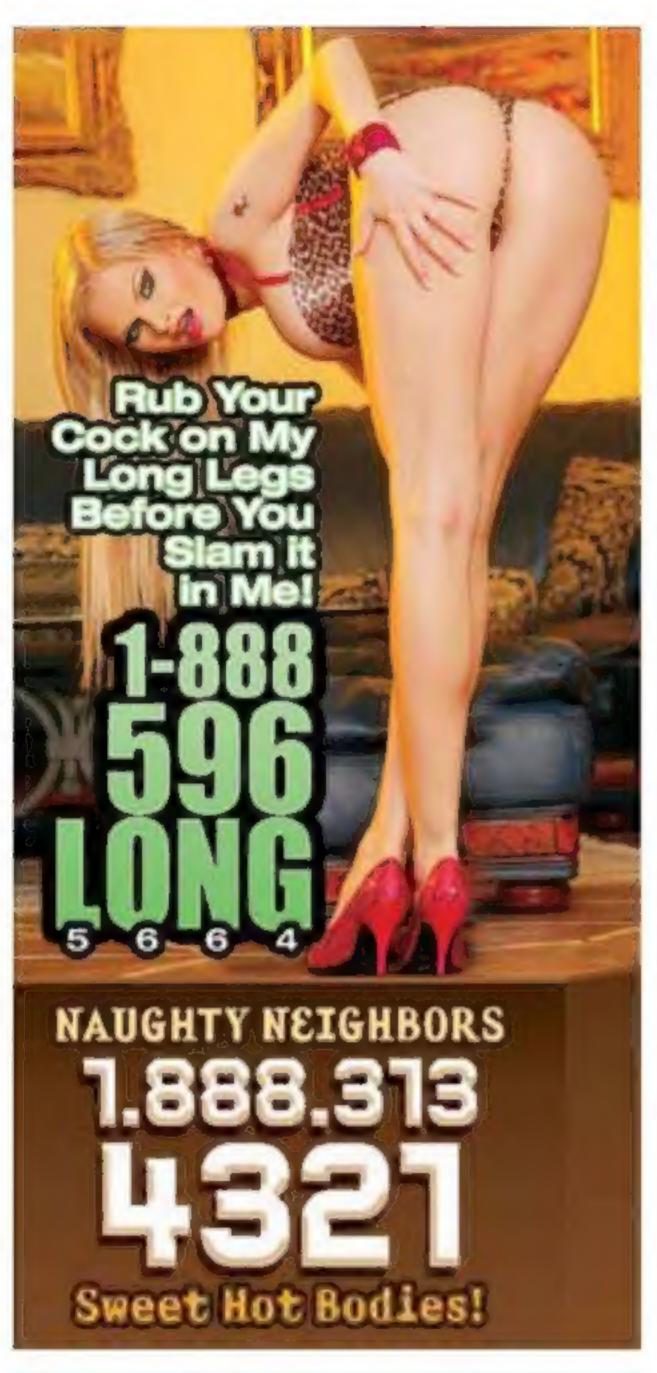






















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